MARVEL
PSR 42

CALAFIORE

CANNON

X-FILES

A NOCTURNE'S TALE 2 OF 2

NOCTURNE

So, alright, I *was* acting like a kid when I stormed out of the X-Men's mansion...
...but I was just *seventeen*...
...and I didn't even know *who I was.*
I needed to find out, but my dad just wanted to turn me into who *he* thought I should be.
I thought he *didn't care* how I felt.
Truth is I never told him.
I just kept it *bottled up* inside until it was too much and I finally went *Hiroshima* on him.
I *regret* the words I yelled at my dad as each one left my lips.
'Course, soon as I bailed...
But I still had to get out of the mansion and *depressurize.*

PART TWO

...the situation did some sincere and serious *fan-hitting*.

What, Kurt? No *hug*?

I come all this way to see you, bring my *new friends* along, and still--

UBIK

PHILIP K. DICK

ATLAS SHRUGGED

AYN RAND

--it doesn't look like you're very *glad* to see me.

Hold--

BAMF

--on, Logan!

BAMF

Kurt!

What on *Earth* is going on up there?!

Scott's back, Moira, but he didn't come *alone!*

The X-Men reacted quickly, but I fear we're *outmatched!*

Help Logan into his *exo-harness.*

I've got to get--

--baaaaaaaaaaaaaak!

BAMF

Logan--

unghh...

Meanwhile--

--Kitty and I were at *band practice.*

We called our music *neo-techno thrash.*

Fast. Loud. And a good excuse to vent without any *serious breakage--*

BUTT MONKEY

--'cept *eardrums.*

And it was *not* very good. We were just a *garage band.* Never played one gig.

Given time, maybe, who knows...

The band's name?

Butt Monkey.

I know, I know...

It was our drummer Shawn's idea...

...yeah, Shawn *was* pretty much a dork.

Got the *stretchin'* thing down there pretty good, Wahlock...but y'all look a mite--

--*brittle* t'me!

SK-KKRATCH

ghgkk-- gkk--gk-k-k-k-k-k-k-k

Rogue, you *monster!* If you've killed him--

Then Ah've done mah *job*--

THOOOOM

--*sugah.*

Scott! You ***must*** stop this!

It doesn't have to ***be*** this way! It ***should not*** be this way!

As long as you side with ***murderers***, Kurt, it ***will*** be this way.

It's not that simple, and you ***know*** it!

I'd watch your ***attitude*** there, Kurt... my swarming associate ***Hyve*** reacts primarily on instinct--

--and he doesn't tolerate ***aggressive postures*** very well.

It ticks him off.

SHHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Vas--!

Agghk!

Get it? Ticks?

BAMF

SKKWEEE-

Unglaublich!

BA

MF

The vermin couldn't tolerate the ***teleport.***

That's the one. It's *Celtic.*

I was thinking behind my shoulder... or the small of my *back.*

NS
EP
OW

ADULTS ONLY XXX

TATTOO

POWELL'S PIN PARLOR

1558

TATTOO PIERCING

How Goth...

But I can't do it. My dad would *kill* me.

Boy, even when he's *not around* I let him make my decisions.

He tells me how to *be*, how to *do this*, how to *do that.*

I never even got to decide *if* I wanted to be an X-Man. I just *am.*

I dunno, he just sounds like a *dad* to me.

Besides, is being an X-Man *so bad?*

I mean, how many *mutants* are there in the world? And out of all of them, *we* get to do *this.*

We get to *do good.* And make a *difference.*

How *cool* is that?

Now *that* was annoying.

Fifteen years old, and Aunt Kate was still *way* smarter than me.

Blast! Cyke came prepared. He's jammin' the *TK chip*. I can't communicate with the team!

Kurt can handle it, Logan.

No, he can't.

He's gonna try to *reason* with Cyke, and that'll get him *killed*.

KRAAK!

Oh!

Those boys shoah do make a right *big hole!*

Not only can I *block* your com-chips, Logan--

--I can *track* them.

Scott, *this must end now--!*

Oh, I *agree.*

BA

MF

Hiya, Mister Scott!

TANGLES

Hair Salon

You're *sure* this is a good idea?

You bet your boots.

I'm not *wearing* any boots.

Not my point.

I'm just saying--

--if it was *snowing*, I'd be wearing boots.

Kitty...

But it's not snowing because, like y'know, it's *summer*.

'Kay, *enough* with the boots.

You brought them up.

Right.

Anyway, what'cha *think*?

Oh--

--my--

--

--your dad is *SO* gonna freak.

Y'think?

L-Lucien...?

What...what have they *done* to you?

Oh it's a *fine*, Mister Scott Miss Moira's taking care of me

But--

SHHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Hyve! NO!!

NO

SSKWEEEEEK

See, Mister Scott? I'm okay

TJ, look! The school--!

Kitty and I got home just around sundown. We saw *smoke* around the mansion--

- and I almost ran over one of the *students.*

Watch out, Charlie!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Kids! What--

TJ! Somebody's *attacked* the school!

And a big *fat guy* came after us! He knocked out Nate and Mandy and George, and--

--and we ran *away.*

What're we gonna do? *What're we gonna do?*

Stop *whining,* is what.

You're *X-Men...* or at least you will be one day. Start *acting* like it.

There are *thousands* of mutants in the world, and out of all of them *you* get the chance to do this.

You get to be a *hero--*

--and how *cool* is that?

Now get it together, and *let's go.*

But, TJ .

Yes, Bobby?

..what happened to your hair?

'Dis is *so* tired

Cyke says "Go keep da kids outta trouble, but don't hurt any of 'em."

Where's da fun in *dat?*

'Sides, I knock a couple out an' all da rest make like *chickens.*

Not *all,* Fatso.

Oh, goodie...

...I already told ya kids ya can' hurt me. I'm da *immovable BLOB.*

So does that immovable shtick apply to the *brain* inside your head?

BWAMM

BWAMM

You're also the *easily distracted* Blob!

And how can *anyone* be so proud of the fact that his butt is *way too fat* to budge?

Oh, anudder *blue fuzzy* one! Girl, if ya make dat purple smoke...

...I swear, *da stink!*

elyaelayelayelayelay!

PTOO

ZOOM!

I take it that's a *NO.*

Scott...

...Scott, how *could* you? Luc-en never--

Oh *come on,* Kurt.

You turn the poor kid into a *walking timebomb* that could wipe out the entire mutant population, if not the entire *human race*

--and then leave it for *someone else* to defuse. *Classic*

I cleaned up our mess, Kurt, but I didn't kill Luc-en--

--you did.

Heartless, verdammt monster--

--ENOUGH!

Radioactive Man? You call *that* a name?

Why not *Touch-Me-And-I'll-Give-You-Cancer Man?*

THRAAK

Idiot! You've compromised the *containment suit!*

CHOK

Containment suit?

Thanks for the *tip.*

SHRIKK

CRICT

SHECK

SHNEK

SHICT

CREKK

NO--

ZZAAARKK

It's over, Kurt.

Scott *Summers*, you stop right there!

Moira, don't--

I miss Charles, too. We *all* do. But you think *this* does justice to his memory--

and his *dream*?

Rogue?

Gotcha.

Don't ki her, but please .

How *dare* you, Scott--

...shut her up.

WAK

Thank you

And that leaves just the *murderer*. It's well past t me you *pay* for your crimes.

Bub, you are so full of--

Uncle Logan. Please

Mind your language .

.. there are *children* present

Hi, Mr Summers.

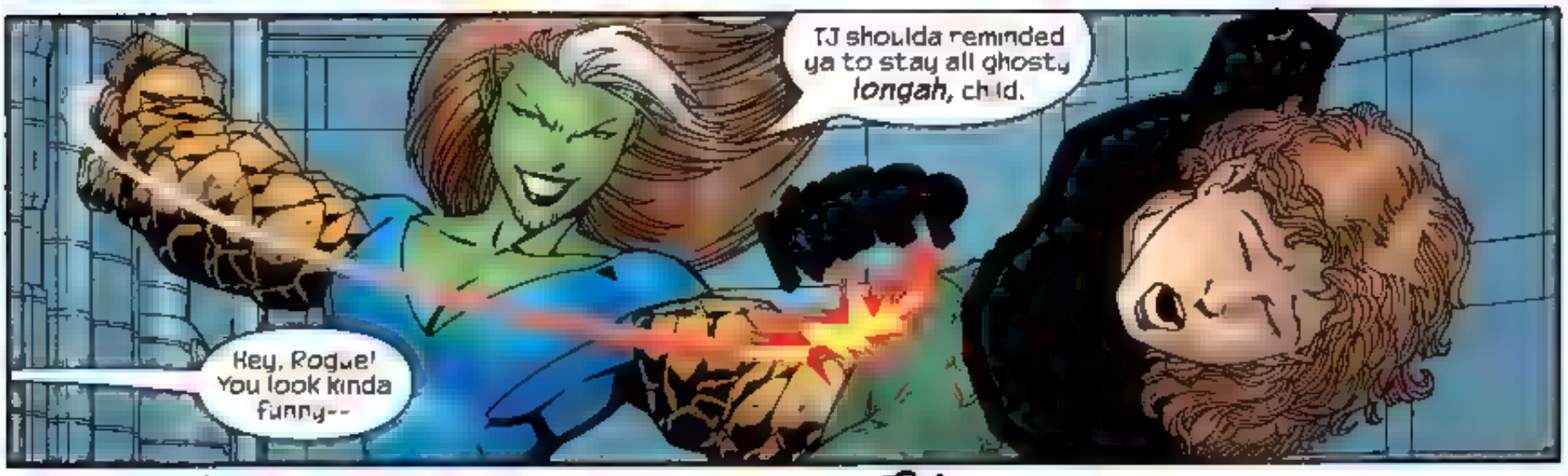
Not "Uncle Scott," TJ? I'm hurt

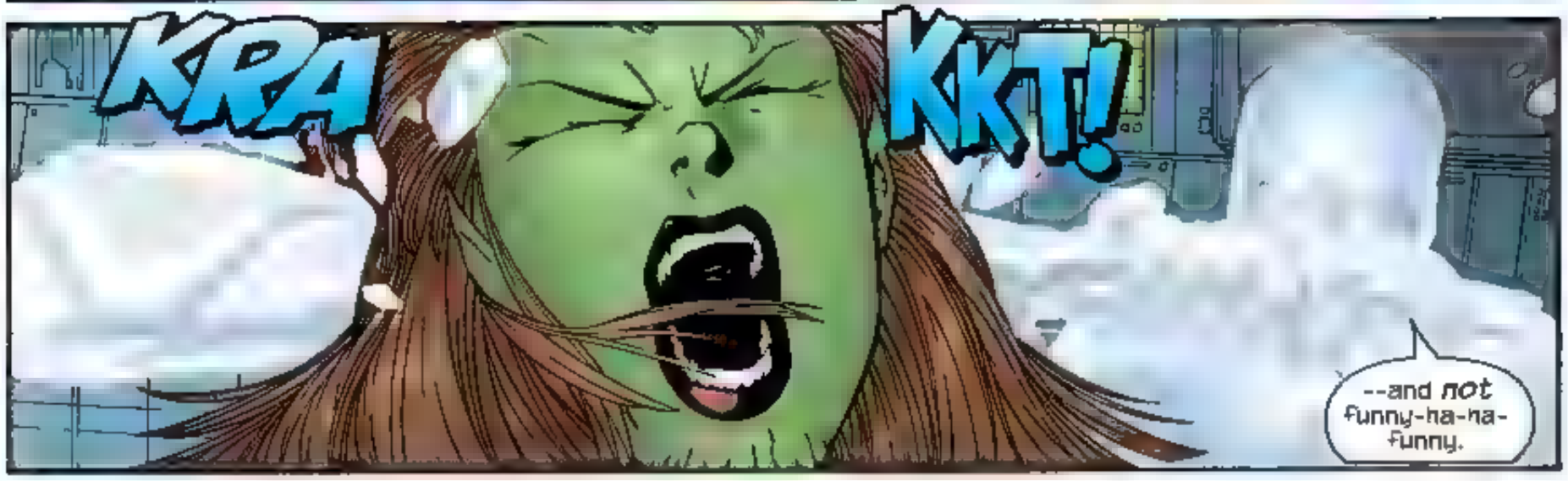
You *stopped* being my uncle.

You know when, and you know *why*. So can we just *get on* with this?

Sure. Whatever you say
GO, KIDS!
SKKKOWW

Coo-el!
TJ was right. If I concentrate hard enough, and let just the tiniest part of my shirt go solid--
-I can knock out a guy even as dense as this White Dwarf!
¡Gah!¿


TJ shoulda reminded ya to stay all ghosty longah, child.
Hey, Rogue! You look kinda funny--


KRA
KKT!
--and not funny-ha-ha-funny.

Sorry, kids.

ZZAAARKk

So *this* is your big strategy, TJ? *Sneaking up* on me?

No, sir. I don't

--have--

to

--sneak.

OHH-!

Don't be *stupid*, TJ.

You rea y *should* limit your bad decisions to your *hairstyle*

You think I wouldn t come prepared for *all* maneuvers? Including your *body possession* trick?

I came equipped with personal *disruptor field* generators.

Now finally for *you*, murderer.

Let's first remove your *last* means of support.

I'd been pretty much *knocked out* of my senses...

...but it *didn't matter*. He had switched *way* into rant mode.

...so I didn't get all of what Cyclops said...

He was screaming about the *Professor* dying, but when he started going at Uncle Logan about *Aunt Jean*, I understood just *what* had sent him over the edge--

--and what had messed with his sense of *reality*.

He blamed *Uncle Logan* for her death, which I *knew* was *impossible*. I knew for a *fact* that Uncle Logan hadn't even *been there* when she died.

And honestly, if there *was* any of us that could have taken the blame for it, it was *Scott*.

Wolverine called him on those facts...

...which Cyclops didn't take *very well.*

LIAR!

I always thought *"foaming at the mouth"* was just a phrase-- y'know, something you never really see...

...like *"when pigs fly"*. Or *"compassionate conservatism."*

Cyclops went off the ***deep end*** at that point. I knew Uncle Logan didn't have much ***time*** left.

Even if I was still too woozy to move, I had an ***idea...***

Armageddon--?

glrff? lbble fr nrrk!.

Armageddon, can you--

ffbbah wbbah ho?

...but Armageddon was too ***out of it.***

I had to do *something.*

And I only had--

--seconds.

What--?

SNIKT SNIKT

SNAKT SNAKT

You can put me *down* now, TJ.

Yes, sir.

I...I didn't have any other *choice.*

No way could I reach Cyclops in time to *stop* him, so I possessed *Armageddon* and used his TK to animate Uncle Logan's arms.

How is he?

Unconscious, but he'll recover.

Everyone else is okay...but such a *risk* you took.

Dad...

If you'd been off with the claws just an *inch* or two--

Dad.

--

I'm sorry. I worry.

I know.

But you did good, Liebling.

You did *so* good.

Thanks, Dad.

Now...can we talk about this *hair?*

...it was one of the last moments like that we had before the *Timebroker* decided to start playing *hide-the-reality* with us.

But I finally felt like my Dad was *proud* of me. I'd made him *happy.*

I think you made him happy the moment you were *born,* TJ.

And he was *always* proud of you.

Yeah.

You're a good person, TJ.

However, there is one... *strange* thing about you...

Which is...

Your tail *retracts?* Eeyuch!

Live with it, girl.

END